

Miscellaneous.

WITE TROUT.—says the Buffalo Journal of Thursday last, were yesterday caught in the lake, to the tune of about nine hundred pounds. They weighed about 12 pounds each, and met with a ready sale.

A TRUE FISH STORY.—We are credibly informed, says the last Cincinnati Whig, by an eye witness, that a large CATFISH, weighing ninety-eight pounds, was caught in the Ohio River, a few weeks since, about a hundred miles below Louisville, which on being opened, was found to contain a negro child of considerable size!

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—The following is a copy of an excuse recently handed in to a schoolmaster for the non-attendance of one of his scholars:

"*cepatomogotaturin.*"
If our reader can make out to solve the above without having it labelled, we give up at once that they are more apt at such things than our humble selves—and for fear that there may be some who would not understand it without an explanation, we subjoin the following:—
"Kept at home to go a taturing."

TWO SHARPS.—An old man picked up a half a dollar in the Park. "Old man, that's mine," said a real poking rascal, "so hand it over." "Did your's have a hole in it?" asked the finder. "Yes it had," said the other smartly. "Then it isn't thine," mildly replied the old man, "these must learn to be a little sharper next time."

A very accomplished gentleman, when carving a tough goose, had the misfortune to send it entirely out of the dish, and into the lap of the lady next to him; on which he very coolly looked her full in the face, and with admirable gravity and calmness, said, "Madam, I will thank you for that goose." The gentleman gained as much credit for his politeness and composure, as he had lost by his awkward carving.

An Egyptian goose was recently shot at Wargrave, England, which measured 4 feet 4 inches from tip to tip, and 2 feet 2 inches from head to tail. The plumages on the wing is most beautiful: the upper part grey, the centre white, and the extremity purple. The bird weighs near 16 pounds.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—Yesterday morning, says the N. York Star, a well-known gentleman of this city was held to bail in the sum of \$5,000, that being the amount claimed by a fair lady, for a cruel breach of promise to marry, made by the said gentleman. Last night, we were informed that the parties were about compromising the delicate affair. Under these circumstances we refrain from giving the names at present.

A HUNGRY RASCAL.—Yesterday afternoon, a savage looking fellow, named Charles Haines, was committed to prison for biting off the ear of Mr. James Shaw, of No. 446 Water-street, N. Y.

SLAVE SPECULATION.—Ten thousand slaves were purchased on credit by the Mississippi planters in the years 1835-6. The fall of cotton in price render them of little value. They are worse stock in these times for their masters than old horses in a hard winter in New-England.

The following anecdote, from the Boston Post, is told of little Keely who was a printer.

Long after he had assumed the histrionic profession, he happened into a printing office, and without thinking, took up a stick and commenced setting. All at once he heard from every quarter of the office, the mysterious exclamation—"G. I.!" What does "G. I.!" mean, inquired Peter Spike—"Great Indulgence!" replied one of the hands; "and you must treat the office!" Peter was not the man to funk out of a treat, but in relating the anecdote, he never omits to add—"I'll be hanged if the Great Indulgence didn't cost me more than a barrel of beer."

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.—Laura Green, a stout wench, who was arrested and brought up for stealing a furnace, taking advantage of a momentary confusion in the office, sprang out of the window of the police office towards the Park, when her garments coming in contact with one of the bars, left her hanging outside the wall like a hat on a peg, until the officers relieved her from her uncomfortable position.

It is stated in a western paper, that a well-dressed man was lately found in the streets of Wetumpka, Ala. It was first supposed that he had been murdered. "Who slew him?" asked an inquiring philanthropist. "Don't know," responded a vagabond by-stander—"but he is evidently *slewed*."

LUCKY ESCAPE.—A person in Mississippi was lately chased thirteen miles by no less than *seventeen thousand rattlesnakes*, and got clear of them all. The fellow must have "leaned it like all natur," as the Yankees say.

LOVE.—Love exalts and purifies our natures; it is imposed upon us by indulgent heaven, in order to soften the rigidity of our humors, temper the violence of our passions, and sweeten the bitter draught of life.

THE MAJOR'S LAST.—On being asked if Mr. Pierpont's Church was struck by lightning during the last storm, he replied; "No; but it came *thundering* near it."

Nobody blames a rich man for going with his elbows out, because every one knows that he has got money enough to get him a new coat; but it is unpardonable in a poor man to go ragged because every one knows that it is out of his power to do otherwise.

"I can't take this tip, it passes only for five cents," said a shopkeeper to an old negro who offered it for tobacco. "What for?" said Sambo—"it specie—it worth most seben cent; I cakelate it at dat; you might be glad to get specie for your bakky any day dese times."

HORSES AND ACTORS.—It is reported of Mr. Ducrow, the equestrian, that once, while superintending the rehearsal of a grand equestrian spectacle, he addressed a biped performer, who was a little too forward in the scene, in these words: "Get out of the way, sir—stand back—would you have the assurance to stand before a horse?"

AN IMPROVEMENT FOR THE LADIES.—Mr. John Hand, of Summerfield, Penn. gives notice that he has invented a very simple apparatus to be attached to ladies' corsets, whereby the delicate little creatures may be compressed into the compass of a hoe-handle, by the gentle drawing of two strings which can be tied in front.

STEALING DOGS' TAILS.—The singular bounty offered in Sidney, New Holland, for killing dogs for their tails, has led to the practice among the loafers of that convict colony, to curtail the appendage of all the animals of this species running abroad as a more brief way of reaching the reward in question. The municipal government now wisely require the carcass also to be produced.

BANKING PRIVILEGES.—"Sambo, where are you going in so great a hurry," says a gentleman to a negro fellow, who appeared to be almost out of breath. "Why massa, I'm gwine to de Bank, arter specie." "How much specie do your notes call for Sambo," says the gentleman. "I hab no notes," says Sambo. "I only hab one note, and de Bank say he won't gib specie arter to-day; so I'm arter gittin mine." "How much is yours Sambo," says the gentleman. "It quarter dollar, and I mus hab *clery cent ob it in specie*, or I sartinly will veto dat Bank. I don't go for Nick Bidle no how you can fix it."

NICE LADIES.—The nice old lady, in Virginia, who scrubbed through the floor and fell into the kitchen, is but one among many of the very nice females with which our country abounds. We know a good lady in New Jersey who white washed all the wood she burnt; and another, in Connecticut, who used three times a day to scour the nose of her lap dog, to keep him from soiling the dish out of which he ate his meals. The same good lady took her own food through a napkin-ring, to keep it from coming in contact with her lips.

FORTITUDE.—He who courageously submits to his fate, and suffers without murmuring, is certainly a most respectable being; and it must be a mean and insensible mind that can refuse to pity a man, who, obliged to endure, hardens himself in sorrow, and supports pain nobly. Such virtuous resignation should excite our admiration, and render sympathy more tender and active. Besides, it is very natural to shrink from beholding misery in others, which we ourselves could support without complaining. This is a sublime sensation, and common to all superior minds, of which we have daily a thousand proofs. For example; I can see myself bled, and hold the basin, and yet I am affected when I look at the lancet wounding the vein of another.

GARLIC.—The Hungarian jockies frequently tie a clove to their racers' bits, when the horses that run against them fall back the moment they breathe the offensive odour. It has been proved that no horse will eat in a manger if the mouth of any other steed in the stable has been rubbed with the juice of this plant. I had occasion to ascertain this fact. A horse of mine was in the same stall with one belonging to a brother officer. Mine fell away and refused his food, while his companion thrived uncommonly well. I at last discovered a German groom, who had charge of the prosperous animal had recourse to this vile stratagem. It is also supposed that men who eat garlic, knock up upon a march the soldiers who have not made use of it. Hence, in the old regulations of the French armies, there existed an order to prohibit the use of garlic when on march.

COMFORTABLE NEIGHBORHOOD.—In these hard times it is the duty of every body, and of editors in particular, to promulgate information by which the public can learn where the cheapest living may be had. The Pensacola Gazette says:

"We knew a fellow some years ago, a Kentuckian by birth, but of truly Pensacolian habits, (that is to say a hyperbole of indolence,) who subsisted his wife and four children, and paid his house rent, with 1834 cents a day. A capital of two bits, judiciously invested in the purchase of a fishing line, will furnish a family with an abundant supply of the choicest fish, and if further accommodation be at any time required, our oyster banks discount their treasures with unfailing liberality."

A FLOURISHING BUSINESS.—The Sexton of Bangor, Maine, as we should gather from his own assertions, is doing a first-rate business. In his late annual statement of the number of interments the

past year, he prefaced his remarks with: "It gives me the *greatest pleasure*, gentlemen, at being able to inform you that the deaths of the past year have nearly *doubled* those of the preceding, and if we continue on in this flourishing condition, I hope, ere long, to be able to present as large a bill of mortality as can be shown in any of our best sister cities."

PROVERBS.

He is the best scholar who has learnt to live well.

A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt.

A wise man changes his mind a fool never will.

You had better leave your enemy something when you die, than live to beg of your friends.

The foot of the owner is the best manure for his land.

He is my friend who greets me at my mill.

The creditors always hath a better memory than the debtor.

As you use your father, so your children will use you.

Examine not the pedigree nor patrimony of a good man.

Few die with hunger; an hundred thousand of serfitude.

A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband.

The firer who asks for God's sake, asks for himself too.

Tell not what you know, judge not what you see, and you will live in quiet.

A pin for your purse and two for your mouth.

Leave your son a good reputation and an employment.

Receive your money before you give a receipt for it, and take a receipt before you pay it.

In an hundred years time princes are peasants, and in an hundred and ten, peasants grow princes.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF SCHOOL TEACHERS.—A young collegiate, who had just finished his course and received his parchment, on his return home undertook to teach the town school, as an amusement during the winter, presuming it a pleasant recreation to

"Teach the young idea how to shoot."

Monday morning arrived—the hopeful boys and girls flocked in—our young friend commenced arranging and classing them, but soon found that the stubborn works of nature do not yield to art with out a struggle. Having a large bump of order on his cranium, he commanded them to sit down and remain quiet. His commands were respected in the same manner as those of Canute, when he ordered the waves of the ocean not to approach him. Anarchy had seized their juvenile minds, and they drank deep from the fountain of liberty. Obedience was a bitter pill, and they denounced all the nostrums of their new physician. A few doses of birch and hickory were administered, which served only to enrage the fever. Noon arrived—intermission commenced—combattiveness broke out, and the clarat was drawn from several fountains.

Our young collegiate found himself in a dilemma. This march of intellect was too mighty for him; he promptly resolved to relinquish his command, and turn them over to abler hands. He accordingly called them together, bade them farewell, directing them to return from whence they came, and come no more after him.

On his way home he met a friend, to whom he exclaimed—"The devil was a fool."

"How so?" inquired his friend. "Why, he took a vast deal of trouble and pains to induce Job to curse his Maker, and failed at last. If the short-sighted old fool had put Job to teaching a school he would have cured all nature, and died the same day."

From the Richmond Enquirer.

The evils of a false credit system, repeated as they have been, and wide-spread and desolating as they have proved, have, from an apparent unaptness in communities to learn from history or experience, been permitted to pass with little or no effect upon the conduct of succeeding times. We, sometimes, indeed, hear of the extravagances, the frauds and calamities of the South Sea and Mississippi schemes; these projects seem to have been partially remembered, because they were novelties in their day, and had the force of novelties; but their influence, as a warning to the future, is, and long has been, wholly lost, as is shown by the recurrence of projects and excess in speculation, compared with which, the scheme above mentioned were timid, insignificant and harmless. A powerful illustration of these remarks is furnished by Mr. Croly, the biographer of George the Fourth, in describing the embarrassment and ruin which swept over Great Britain in the year 1725, and the fallacious and bewildering extravagance which preceded and hurried on these calamitous results.

"Theory," says this writer, "now plumed its broadest wings again; even the grimness of ministerial finance was lost in the general intoxication; and Lord Goderich's speech as Chancellor of the Exchequer, (that famous speech in which he professed himself unable to pour out his soul in language sufficiently glowing for the golden prospect before him; a proud example of the clear-sightedness of the prophetic budget,) gave the sanction of one of the most solemn orators and stubborn financiers to the national dream. But his Lordship had scarcely congratulated his countrymen on their too abundant prosperity, when the whole fell into dust before his eyes—the vision

vanished—the rejoicing was dum—the *wealth was paper*—the princes of the modern Tyre were outcasts and beggars! Seventy Banks broke in as many days. Two hundred and fifty joint stock companies, which, but the week before, would have contracted to throw a bridge across the Atlantic, make a railway round the globe, or dig a tunnel to the Antipodes, were in the Gazette, without a solvent subscriber or an available shilling."

This terrible and almost literally accurate description of the condition and progress of our own country for a few years past, and at the present day, is too painfully striking to require any special application. Its fidelity, however, has fixed my own attention upon it, and I fain would have it held up to public view, with the hope that it may tend to correct misapprehension and delusion, and thereby, retard, if it should not wholly prevent, the return of ills such as now afflict us.

TIME.

Communications.

MR. EDITOR:—In the national Gazette, of 22d ult. I observed an editorial notice, in "allusion to the Scheme of the American Society for the promotion of Education in Africa," and was surprised to find feelings of sympathy so misplaced as those expressed by the editor in that piece.—His fancy warms with the idea of the splendid triumph for the American people to redeem a Continent from the depths of ignorance, barbarism, and paganism, for which Europe has done little but extort! Whose ancient empire Rome overturned and arrested the hand of improvement. It is true he admits that the mere attempt carries with it an air of utter Quixotism. Indeed it is romance—then why favor it, as if we had no substantial, legitimate duties at home of like kind, to attend to. In our own country education is still acknowledged to be infinitely imperfect; yet we are willing to go on in a flattering kind of delusion to consider American intelligence so superior in comparison with that of the European population, as to justify our idly passing by her excellent example of what is due at home, in order to "educate and new model a benighted world." Prussia, possessed of good common sense, has wisely thought that charity begins at home; and although one of the most arbitrary governments of Europe, offers an example in the state of her public institutions worthy of imitation and which has justly excited the admiration of Europe. In her institutions the children of all, even of the meanest peasant in the kingdom, are receiving more varied and solid instruction than our schools are competent to furnish. This arises from her wise care in providing schools for the instruction of Teachers exclusively, of which she now numbers forty. France as well as the rest of Europe, has followed in her wake, and counts thirty of that description; whilst the U. States, claiming to be not only the most free but the most generally if not best informed country in the world, has but one which is justly the boast of Massachusetts. New York and other states have made their effort, but impartial enquiry has declared that the present system of Education is radically defective. Not only so, but the further humiliating fact has been disclosed to the British parliament and spread before the nation by one of her commissioners for the investigation of our system of police and education, that South and West of New York, there were at least 1,300,000 white children and youth, totally destitute of the means of elementary education. If this be so, and I fear it cannot be contradicted, and ought not to be denied, the public mind has been too long content with a general view and statement of the character and value of public instruction; and should be disabused of the delusion.

A late able writer has observed, "that looking to the models of Germany and France, no system of public instruction has yet been organized, in any of the states, and in none has the appropriate work of legislation been more than commenced. I do not hesitate to avow the belief that without regulations far more extensive than have been yet introduced; a control far more enlightened and constant than has yet been exercised; and a fiscal aid far more ample than has yet been afforded, it is vain to expect that the character of our common schools can be truly, and permanently improved."

This however would be an act of duty and too common place and attainable a purpose to merit attention. It is distance, uncertainty, romance, that wins our approbation. We should incline to think that Phrenologists have well placed the organ of benevolence in the close neighborhood

of marvellousness, having only that of mimicry intervening. Let me urge upon the, I hope willing disposition of our Editor, the propriety, as well as necessity of concentrating our efforts upon home purposes, and not to think of advising a visit to Africa at present. Let Cuffee alone both at home and abroad, but let him improve his talent by urging to the promotion of the happiness of millions of white children within our own country—either totally destitute or partially possessing the means of education.

His paper from its intelligence, gentlemanly qualities, and general circulation, occupies a justly high stand, and through it he may do much good on this subject.

I have ever respected and promoted its interest from its commencement to the present moment, and it is in consideration of this high respect that I wish to see its efforts in favor of education directed into the proper channel until all our domestic imperfections are corrected and wants supplied; then enlarged philanthropy well schooled at home, may go forth in search of another continent and other objects on which to exercise feelings of benevolence.

A.

FOR THE COURIER.
TO SIR "FANNY."

"A Ladie's Toilet!" what vile production this!
What isolated creature thus
Pours forth his spleen, and wantonly
Belies the fairest portion of creation?
Has he never yet been blessed
With the pure smiles of sweet affection?
Or has his cold and stubborn breast
Ne'er felt one throb of love? no—
He has never paid due homage
To the shrine of loveliness,
Be it so—let him pursue his cheerless path.
Unheeded and uncared for,
But let him beware, lest he profane
That sanctuary which he has dared
To sully, by lines as worthless
As their author. True
He may acquire wealth, but FAME
For him shall never sound her trumpet;
What vain presumption! can Fame
E'er hallow his vile ashes,
Who in his lifetime thus reckless
Wields the pen of CALUMNY—
No, he shall die as he has lived
A worthless lump of clay,
His name forgotten, and his life unknown. W.

For the Commercial Courier

TO HER WHO UNDERSTAND THEM.

"I doubt nae lass but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please just at a wink
When e'er ye like to try."
BURNS
Such haughty airs were ne'er design'd
To leave an impress on the mind,
Of talents rare or wit refin'd.
Why hold your head so high.
I cannot name a time we meet
In crowded hall, or in the street,
From you one word, or smile to greet,
But pass me thoughtless by
Now all your frowns wouldgother tost
A smiling look no more would cost,
And win respect which you have lost,
"But feint a hair care I!"
With free good will I do confess
Just please yourself in mien and dress
Or live in single-blessedness,
Until the day you die.

I would not proffer my advice
Your FATHER'S GOLD makes you so nice
There's not a beau would ask your price
Were ye as poor as I.
Camden, June 10. P. C.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.
THE PLAGUE.

In the news by the last arrival from England, it was mentioned that much alarm had been occasioned in the neighborhood of the London Docks, by the sudden death of two men who had assisted in unloading a vessel freighted with rags from Trieste. It was feared they had died of the Plague. Although this apprehension was probably incorrect, we are not so sure that England is safe from such an invasion, or the United States either. It is well known that the clothes of persons who have died of the Plague, or clothes in which they have slept, unless very thoroughly cleansed and purified, are almost certain to communicate the disease. And as we are continually importing rags from the Mediterranean, it will be fortunate if we do not get a spice of the Plague with them. We commend to the notice of the public, and especially to the parties more immediately interested, the following paragraph from Blackwood's Magazine for April.

While England swells with faction, France with faction, Germany with faction, Spain with faction, there is an enemy in the wind that may yet summon the restless mind of Europe to sterner lessons. The plague is declared to be extending its terrible circle round the Mediterranean. In Constantinople all seems horror—there it has raged with unabated fury for six months, and the city is depopulating, hour by hour, from the double effect of death and fear. Seventeen thousand of the Greek inhabitants have fled—the Armenian patriarch has lately delivered fifteen thousand passports in the course of a few days, and the general population has been thus diminished by upwards of one hundred thousand since last September.